

M^{rs} Yates in the Character of Almeria.



Did ever father curse his kneeling child!

Act, IV. Sc. 7.

Published by J. Worman 1 Nov^r 1777

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THE
MOURNING BRIDE.

A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

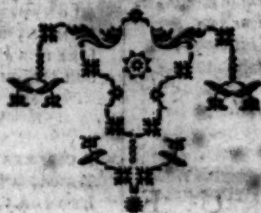
IN

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

—Neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quàm necis artifices arte perire sua.

Ovid, de Arte Am.



L O N D O N :

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M DCC LXXVII.

1778

PROLOGUE.

THE time has been, when plays were not so plenty,
And a less number, new, would well content ye.

New plays did then like almanacks appear,
And one was thought sufficient for a year:
Though they are more like almanacks of late;
For in one year, I think, they're out of date.
Nor were they, without reason, join'd together:
For just as one prognosticates the weather,
How plentiful the crop, or scarce the grain,
What peals of thunder, or what showers of rain;
So t'other can foretell, by certain rules,
What crops of oxcombs, or what floods of foals.
In such like prophecies were poets still'd,
Which now they find in their own tribe fulfill'd.
The dearth of wit they did so long presage,
Is fallen on us, and almost starves the stage.
Were you not griev'd, as often as you saw
Poor actors thrust such empty sheafs of straw?
Toiling and lab'ring, at their lungs' expence,
To start a jest, or force a little sense?
Hard fate for us, still harder in the event;
Our authors sin, but we alone repent.
Still they proceed, and, at our charges, write worse;
'Twere some amends if they could reimburse;
But there's the devil, tho' their cause is lost,
There's no recovering damages or cost.
Good wits, forgive this liberty we take,
Since custom gives the losers leave to speak.
But if, provok'd, your dreadful wrath remains,
Take your revenge upon the coming scenes:
For that damn'd poet's spar'd, who damns a brother.
As one thief 'scapes that executes another.
Thus far alone does to the wits relate;
But from the rest we hope a better fate.
To please, and move, has been our poet's theme,
Art may direct, but nature is his aim;
And nature mis'd, in vain he boasts his art,
For only nature can affect the heart.
Then freely judge the scenes that shall ensue;
But as with freedom, judge with candour too.
He would not lose, through prejudice, his cause;
Nor wou'd obtain, precariously, applause.
Impartial censure be requests from all,
Prepar'd, by just decrees, to stand or fall.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by ALMERIA.

THE tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a princess, but in statu quo;

And now as unconcern'd this mourning wear,
As if indeed a widow, or an heir.
I've leisure, now, to mark your several faces,
And know each critick by his four grimaces.
To poison plays, I see them where they sit,
Scatter'd, like ratbane, up and down the pit;
While others watch, like parish-searchers, hir'd
To tell of what disease the play expir'd.
Oh, with what joy they run to spread the news
Of a damn'd poet, and departed muse!
But if he 'scape, with what regret they're seiz'd!
And how they're disappointed, when they're pleas'd!
Criticks to plays for the same end resort,
That surgeons wait on trials in a court:
For innocence condemn'd they've no respect,
Provided they've a body to dissect.
As Sufferers men, that dwell upon the shore,
Look out when storms arise and billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted hands,
That some well-laden ship may strike the sands,
To whose rich cargo they may make pretence,
And fatten on the spoils of Providence:
So criticks throng to see a new play split,
And thrive and prosper on the wrecks of wit.
Small hope our poet from these prospects draws;
And therefore to the fair comments his cause.
Your tender hearts to mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this play will favour find,
Which was an off'ring to the sex design'd.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

MANUEL, the King of Grenada.
GONSALEZ, his Favourite.
GARCIA, Son to Gonzalez.
PEREZ, Captain of the Guards.
ALONZO, an Officer, Creature to Gonzalez.
OSMEN, a noble Prisoner.
HELI, a Prisoner, his Friend.
SELIM, an Eunuch.

WOMEN.

ALMERIA, the Princess of Granada.
ZARA, a Captive Queen.
LEONORA, chief Attendant on the Princess.

Women, Eunuchs, and Mutes, attending Zara;
Guards, &c.

SCENE, GRANADA.

T H E

MOURNING BRIDE.

A C T I.
S C E N E, a Room of State.

The Curtain rising slowly to soft Music, discovers Almeria in mourning; Leonora waiting in mourning. After the Music, Almeria rises from her Chair, and comes forward.

Alm. MUSIC has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have mov'd,
And as with living souls, have been inform'd,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
What, then, am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than trees or flint? Oh, force of constant woe!
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs.
Anselmo sleeps, and is at peace; last night
The silent tomb receiv'd the good old king;
He and his sorrows now are safely lodg'd
Within its cold, but hospitable bosom.
Why am not I at peace?

Leon. Dear Madam, cease,
Or moderate your grief; there is no cause—

Alm. No cause! Peace, peace; there is eternal
And misery eternal will succeed. [cause,
Thou canst not tell—thou hast indeed no cause.

Leon. Believe me, Madam, I lament Anselmo,
And always did compassionate his fortune;
Have often wept, to see how cruelly
Your father kept in chains his fellow-king:
And oft, at night, when all have been retir'd,
Have stol'n from bed, and to his prison crept;
Where, while his gaoler slept, I thro' the grate
Have softly whisper'd, and enquir'd his health;
Sent in my sighs and pray'rs for his deliv'rance;
For sighs and pray'rs were all that I could offer.

Alm. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle nature.
That thus could melt to see a stranger's wrongs.
Oh, Leonora, hadst thou known Anselmo,
How wou'd thy heart have bled to see his sufferings!
Thou hadst no cause, but general compassion.

Leon. Love of my royal mistress gave me cause;
My love of you begot my grief for him;
For I had heard, that when the chance of war
Had bless'd Anselmo's arms with victory,
And the rich spoil of all the field, and you,
The glory of the whole, were made the prey
Of his success;
He did endear himself to your affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent ways
His most industrious goodness cou'd invent;
Proposing, by a match between Alphonso
His son, the brave Valentian prince, and you,
To end the long dissention, and unite
The jarring crowns.

Alm. Why was I carry'd to Anselmo's court?
Or there, why was I us'd so tenderly?
Why not ill treated, like an enemy?
For so my father wou'd have us'd his child.
Oh, Alphonso, Alphonso!
Devouring seas have wash'd thee from my sight.
No time shall raze thee from my memory;
No, I will live to be thy monument:
The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb:
But in my heart thou art interr'd; there, there,
Thy dear resemblance is for ever fix'd;
My love, my lord, my husband still, tho' lost.

Leon. Husband! Oh, heav'n!

Alm. Alas! what have I said?
My grief has hurry'd me beyond all thought.
I wou'd have kept that secret; though I know
Thy love and faith to me deserve all confidence.

Leon. The memory of that brave prince stands fair
In all report—

And I have heard imperfectly his loss;
But fearful to renew your troubles past,
I never did presume to ask the story.

Alm. If for my swelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.

I was a welcome captive in Valentia,
E'en on the day when Manuel, my father,
Led on his conqu'ring troops high at the gates
Of King Anselmo's palace; which in rage,
And heat of war, and dire revenge, he fir'd.
The good king flying to avoid the flame,
Started amidst his foes, and made captivity
His fatal refuge—Wou'd that I had fall'n
Amidst those flames—but 'twas not so decreed.
Alphonso, who foresaw my father's cruelty,
Had borne the queen and me on board a ship
Ready to sail; and when this news was brought
We put to sea; but being betray'd by some
Who knew our flight, we closely were pursu'd,
And almost taken; when a sudden storm
Drove us, and those that followed, on the coast
Of Afric: There our vessel struck the shore;
And bulging 'gainst a rock, was dash'd in pieces;
But Heav'n spar'd me for yet much more affliction!
Conducting them who follow'd us, to shun
The shore, and save me floating on the waves,
While the good queen and my Alphonso perish'd.

Leon. Alas! were you then wedded to Alphonso?

Alm. That day, that fatal day, our hands were
For when my lord beheld the ship pursuing, [join'd
And saw her rate so far exceeding ours,
He came to me, and begg'd me by my love,
I wou'd consent the priest shou'd make us one;
That whether death or victory ensu'd
I might be his, beyond the power of fate:
The queen too did assist his suit—I granted;

And in one day was wedded and a widow.

Leon. Indeed 'twas mournful—

Alm. 'Twas—as I have told thee—

For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change these black and dismal robes,
Or ever dry these swollen and watery eyes;
Or ever taste content, or peace of heart,
While I have life, and thought of my Alphonso.

[*Shouts at a distance.*]

Leon. Hark!

The distant shouts proclaim your father's triumph.
O cease, for Heav'n's sake, assuage a little
This torrent of your grief, for, much I fear,
'Twill urge his wrath, to see you drown'd in tears,
When joy appears in ev'ry other face.

Alm. And joy he brings to ev'ry other heart,
But double, double weight of woe to mine:
For with him Garcia comes—Garcia, to whom
I must be sacrific'd, and all the vows
I gave my dear Alphonso safely broken,
No, it shall never be; for I will die
First, die ten thousand deaths—Look down, look
down,

Alphonso, hear the sacred vow I make; [*Kneels.*
And thou, Anselmo, if yet thou art arriv'd
Thro' all impediments of purging fire,
To that bright Heav'n, where my Alphonso reigns,
Behold thou also, and attend my vow.
If ever I do yield, or give consent,
By any action, word, or thought, to wed
Another lord; may then just Heav'n show'r down
Unheard of curses on me, greater far
(If such there be in angry Heaven's vengeance)
Than any I have yet endur'd—And now [*Rising.*
My heart has some relief; having so well
Discharg'd this debt, incumbent on my love.
Yet, one thing more I wou'd engage from thee.

Leon. My heart, my life, and will, are only yours.

Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this: anon, when
Are wrapp'd and busied in the general joy, [*all*
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth, to visit good Anselmo's tomb.

Leon. Alas! I fear some fatal resolution.

Alm. No, on my life, my faith, I mean no ill,
Nor violence—I feel myself more light,
And more at large, since I have made this vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.
'Tis that, or some such melancholy thought,
Upon my word, no more.

Leon. I will attend you.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. The Lord Gonzalez comes to tell your high-
The king is just arriv'd. [*alls,*

Alm. Conduct him in, [*Exit Alonzo.*
That's his pretence; his errand is, I know,
To fill my ears with Garcia's valiant deeds;
And gild and magnify his son's exploits.
But I am arm'd with ice around my heart,
Not to be warm'd with words, or idle eloquence.

Enter Gonzalez.

Gon. Be ev'ry day of your long life like this.
The sun, bright conquest, and your brighter eyes,
Have all conspir'd to blaze promiscuous light,
And bless this day with most unequal lustre.
Your royal father, my victorious lord,
Loaden with spoils, and ever-living laurel,
Is entering now in martial pomp, the palace.
Five hundred mules precede his solemn march,
Which groan beneath the weight of Moorish wealth.
Chariots of war, adorn'd with glittering gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing steeds,
White as the fleecy rain on Alpine hills,
That bound and foam, and champ the golden bit,

As they disdain'd the victory they grace.
Prisoners of war in shining fetters follow:
And captains of the noblest blood of Afric
Sweat by his chariot-wheels.

The swarming populace spread every wall,
While you alone retire, and shun this sight;
This sight, which is indeed not seen (tho' twice
The multitude should gaze) in absence of your eyes.

Alm. My lord, mine eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded trophies of exterior honours;
Nor will my ears be charm'd with sounding words,
Or pompous phrase, the pageantry of souls.
But that my father is return'd in safety,
I bend to Heav'n with thanks.

Gon. Excellent prince!

But 'tis a task unfit for my weak age,
With dying words, to offer at your praise.
Garcia, my son, your beauty's lowest slave,
Has better done, in proving with his sword
The force and influence of your matchless charms.

Alm. I doubt not of the worth of Garcia's deeds,
Which had been brave, tho' I had ne'er been born.

Leon. Madam, the king.

[*Flourish.*]

[*Attendants to Almeria enter in mourning.*
Symphony of warlike music. Enter the King, attended
by Garcia and several officers. Files of prisoners in
chains, and guards, who are ranged in order round
the stage. Almeria meets the King, and kneels
afterwards Gonzalez kneels and kisses the King's
hand, while Garcia does the same to the Princess.

King. Almeria, rise—My best Gonzalez, rise.

What, tears! my good old friend—

Gon. But tears of joy.

Believe me, Sir, to see you thus, has fill'd
Mine eyes with more delight than they can hold.

King. By heav'n, thou lov'st me, and I'm pleas'd
thou dost;

Take it for thanks, old man, that I rejoice
To see thee weep on this occasion—Some
Here are, who seem to mourn at our success!
Why is't, Almeria, that thou meet our eyes,
Upon this solemn day, in these sad weeds?
In opposition to my brightness, you
And yours are all like daughters of affliction.

Alm. Forgive me, Sir, if I in this offend.

The year, which I have vow'd to pay to Heav'n,
In mourning and strict life, for my deliverance
From wreck and death, wants yet to be expir'd.

King. Your zeal to Heav'n is great, 'tis your debt:
Yet something too is due to me, who gave
That life which Heav'n preserv'd. A day bestow'd
In filial duty, had aton'd and given
A dispensation to your vow—No more.

'Twas weak and wilful—and a woman's error.

Yet, upon thought, it doubly wounds my sight,
To see that sable worn upon the day,
Succeeding that, in which our deadliest foe,
Hated Anselmo, was interr'd—By heav'n,
It looks as thou didst mourn for him: just so
Thy senseless vow appear'd to bear its date,
Not from that hour wherein thou wert preserv'd,
But that wherein the curs'd Alphonso perish'd.
Ha! What! thou dost not weep to think of that!

Gon. Have patience, royal Sir; the princess weeps
To have offended you. If fate decreed,
One pointed hour should be Alphonso's lots,
And her deliverance; is she to blame?

King. I tell thee she's to blame, not to have
feasted

When my first fog was laid in earth; such enmity,
Such detestation bears my blood to his:
My daughter should have revell'd at his death;
She should have made these palace walls to shake,

And all this high and ample roof to ring
With her rejoicings. What, to mourn and weep!
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve! by
heav'n,

There's not a slave, a shackled slave of mine,
But should have smil'd that hour, through all his
care,

And shook his chains in transport and rude harmony.

Gon. What she has done, was in excess of good-
Betray'd by too much piety, to seem [ness];
As if she had offended. Sure, no more.

King. To seem is to commit, at this conjuncture.
I wot not have a seeming sorrow seen
To-day. Retire; divest yourself with speed
Of that offensive black; on me be all
The violation of your vow; for you,
It shall be your excuse, that I command it.

Gar. [Kneeling.] Your pardon, Sir, if I pre-
sume so far,

As to remind you of your gracious promise.

King. Rise, Garcia; I forgot.—Yet stay, Almeria.

Alm. My boding heart!—What is your pleasure,
Sir?

King. Draw near, and give your hand; and,
Garcia, yours.

Receive this lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your husband, and my son.

Gar. Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take—
But to devote, and yield myself for ever
The slave and creature of my royal mistress.

Gon. O let me prostrate pay my worthless thanks—

King. No more; my promise long since pass'd,
thy services;

And Garcia's well-try'd valour, all oblige me.

This day we triumph; but to-morrow's fun,

Garcia, shall shine to grace thy nuptials.

Alm. Oh! [Faints.]

Gar. She faints! help to support her.

King. How is't, Almeria?

Alm. A sudden chillness seizes on my spirits.

Your leave, Sir, to retire.

King. Garcia, conduct her.

[Garcia leads Almeria to the door, and returns.]

This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears.

Now, what would Alonzo?

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Yourauteous captive, Zara, is arriv'd,
And with a train as if she still were wife
To Albucaim, and the Moor had conquer'd.

King. It is our will she should be so attended.
Garcia, which is he,

Of whose mute valour you relate such wonders?

[Prisoners led off.]

Gar. Osmyn, who led the Moorish horse; but he,
Great Sir, at her request, attends on Zara.

King. He is your prisoner; as you please dispose
him.

Gar. I would oblige him, but he shrugs my kind-
ness;

And with a haughty mien, and stern civility,
Dumbly declines all offers. If he speak,

'Tis scarce above a word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;

At least to talk where he must not command.

King. Such fullness, and in a man so brave,

Must have some other cause than his captivity.

Did Zara, then, request he might attend her?

Gar. My lord, she did.

King. That, join'd with his behaviour,
Begets a doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her chains hang heavier on him than his own.

*Enter Alonzo, Zara and Osmyn bound, conducted by
Perez and a Guard, and attended by Selim and se-
veral Mutes and Eunuchs in a Train.*

King. What welcome, and what honours, beau-
teous Zara,

A king and conqueror can give, are yours.

A conqueror indeed, where you are won;

Who with such lustre strike admiring eyes,

That had our pomp been with your presence grac'd,

Th' expecting crowd had been deceiv'd; and seen

The monarch enter not triumphant, but

In pleasing triumph led; your beauty's slave.

Zar. If I on any terms could condescend

To like captivity, or think those honours,

Which conquerors in courtesy bestow,

Of equal value with unborrow'd rule

And native right to arbitrary sway,

I might be pleas'd, when I behold this train

With usual homage wait: but when I feel

These bonds, I look with loathing on myself,

And scorn vile slavery, though doubly hid

Beneath mock-praises, and dissembled state.

King. Those bonds! 'twas my command you should

How durst you, Perez, disobey? [be free.]

Perez. Great Sir,

Your order was, she should not wait your triumph;
But at some distance follow, thus attended.

King. 'Tis false; 'twas more; I bid she should be

If not in words, I bid it by my eyes. [free;]

Her eyes did more than bid—Free her and hers

With speed—Yet stay—my hands alone can make

Fit restitution here—Thus I release you;

And, by releasing you, enslave myself.

Zar. Such favours, so conferr'd, tho' when un-

Deserve acknowledgment from noble minds. [sought,

Such thanks, as one hating to be oblig'd—

Yet hating more ingratitude, can pay,

I offer.

King. Born to excel, and to command!

As by transcendent beauty to attract

All eyes, so by pre-eminence of soul

To rule all hearts.

Garcia, what's he, who with contracted brow,

[Beholding Osmyn, as they unbind him.]

And fullen port, glooms downwards with his eyes;

At once regardless of his chains, or liberty?

Gar. That, Sir, is he of whom I spoke; that's

Osmyn.

King. He answers well the character you gave him.

Whence comes it, valiant Osmyn, that a man

So great in arms, as thou art said to be,

So hardly can endure captivity,

The common chance of war?

Osm. Because captivity

Has robb'd me of a dear and just revenge.

King. I understand not that.

Osm. I would not have you.

Zar. That gallant Moor in battle lost a friend,

Whom more than life he lov'd; and the regret,

Of not revenging on his foes that loss,

Has caus'd this melancholy and despair.

King. She does excuse him; 'tis as I suspected.

[To Gonzalez.]

Gon. That friend may be herself; seem not to heed

His arrogant reply: she looks concern'd.

King. I'll have enquiry made; perhaps his friend

Yet lives, and is a prisoner. His name?

Zar. Heli.

King. Garcia, that search shall be your care:

It shall be mine to pay devotion here;

At this fair shrine to lay my laurels down,

And raise love's altar on the spoils of war.

Conquest and triumph, now, are mine no more;
Nor will I victory in camps adore;
Fickle in fields, unsteadily she flies,
But rules with settled sway in Zara's eyes.



A C T II.

SCENE, representing the Isle of a Temple.

Enter Almeria and Leonora.

Alm. IT was a fancy'd noise, for all is hush'd.
Leon. It bore the accent of a human voice.

Alm. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted isle.
We'll listen—

Leon. Hark!

Alm. No, all is hush'd, and still as death—'tis
dreadful!

How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquility! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

Leon. Let us return; the horror of this place,
And silence, will increase your melancholy.

Alm. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on, shew me Anselmo's tomb,
Lead me o'er bones and skulls, and mould'ring earth
Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corse,
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirit; and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then shew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again
To him, to Heav'n, and my Alphonso's soul.

Leon. I go; but Heav'n can tell with what regret.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Heli.

Heli. I wander through this maze of monuments,
Yet cannot find him—Hark! sure 'tis the voice
Of one complaining—There it sounds—I'll follow it.

[*Exit.*]

The SCENE opening discovers a place of tombs; one
monument fronting the view greater than the rest.

Enter Almeria and Leonora.

Leon. Behold the sacred vault, within whose
womb

The poor remains of good Anselmo rest,
Yet fresh, and unconsum'd by time or worms.
What do I see? Oh, Heav'n! either my eyes
Are false, or still the marble door remains
Unclos'd; the iron grates, that lead to death
Beneath, are still wide stretch'd upon their hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me;
And that dumb mouth, significant in show,
Invites me to the bed, where I alone
Shall rest; shews me the grave, where nature, weary
And long oppress'd with woes and bending cares,
May lay the burden down, and sink in slumbers
Of peace eternal. My father then
Will cease his tyranny; and Garcia too
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My soul, enlarg'd from its vile bonds, will mount,

And range the starry orbs, and milky ways,
To my Alphonso's soul. Oh, joy too great!
Oh, extasy of thought! Help me, Anselmo;
Help me, Alphonso; take me, reach thy hand;
To thee, to thee I call; to thee, Alphonso;
Oh, Alphonso!

Osmyr ascending from the tomb.

Osmyr. Who calls that wretched thing that was
Alphonso?

Alm. Angels, and all the host of heav'n, sup-
port me!

Osmyr. Whence is that voice, whose shrillness,
from the grave,

And growing to his father's shroud, roots up
Alphonso?

Alm. Mercy! Providence! Oh, speak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy bosom, from the light,
And from my eyes.

Osmyr. Amazement and illusion!

Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye pow'rs,

[*Coming forward.*]

That motionless I may be still deceiv'd,
Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve
That tender, lovely form of painted air,
So like Almeria. Ha! 'tis sinks, it falls;
I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her shade.
'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis she, 'tis she herself!
Nor dead, nor shade, but breathing and alive!
It is Almeria, 'tis! it is my wife!

Enter Heli.

Leon. Alas! she stirs not yet, nor lifts her eyes;
He, too, is fainting—Help me, help me, stranger,
Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raise
These bodies.

Heli. Ha! 'tis he! and with—Almeria!
Oh, miracle of happiness! Oh, joy
Unhop'd for! does Almeria live!

Osmyr. Where is she?

Let me behold and touch her, and be sure
'Tis she:

Look up, Almeria, blest me with thy eyes;
Look on thy love, thy lover, and thy husband.

Alm. I've sworn I'll not wed Garcia: why d'ye
Is this a father? [force me?]

Osmyr. Look on thy Alphonso.

Thy father is not here, my love, nor Garcia:
Nor am I what I seem, but thy Alphonso.
Am I so alter'd, or art thou so chang'd,
That seeing my disguise, thou feelest not me?

Alm. It is, it is Alphonso; 'tis his face,
His voice, I know him now, I know him all.
Oh! how hast thou return'd? How has thou
charm'd

The wildness of the waves and rocks to this?
That thus relenting they have giv'n thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me.

Osmyr. Oh, I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why
We both have backward trod the paths of fate,
To meet again in life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any circumstance,
Or means, by which I have thee—

To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy lips,
And gaze upon thy eyes, is so much joy,
I have not leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle time in thinking.

Alm. Stay a while—

Let me look on thee yet a little more.
It is too much! too much to bear and live!
To see thee thus again is such profusion
Of joy, of bliss—I cannot bear—I must
Be mad—I cannot be transported thus.

Osm. Thou excellence, thou joy, thou heav'n of love!

Alm. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?

Sure from thy father's tomb thou didst arise?

Osm. I did; and thou, my love, didst call me; thou.

Alm. True; but how cam'st thou there? Wert thou alone?

Osm. I was, and lying on my father's lead, When broken echoes of a distant voice Disturb'd the sacred silence of the vault, In murmers round my head. I rose and listen'd, And thought I heard thy spirit call Alphonso; I thought I saw thee too; but, oh, I thought not That I indeed should be so blest to see thee—

Alm. But still, how cam'st thou thither? How thus?—Ha!

What's he, who, like thyself, is started here Ere seen?

Osm. Where? Ha! what do I see, Antonio! I'm fortunate indeed—my friend too, safe!

Heli. Most happily, in finding you thus blest'd.

Alm. More miracles! Antonio too, escap'd!

Osm. And twice escap'd; both from the rage of And war: for in the fight I saw him fall. [seas

Heli. But fell unhurt, a pris'n'r as yourself, And as yourself made free; hither I came, Impatiently to seek you, where I knew Your grief would lead you to lament Anselmo.

Osm. What means the bounty of all-gracious Heav'n, That persevering still, with open hand, It scatters good, as in a waste of mercy!

Where will this end? But Heav'n is infinite In all, and can continue to bestow,

When scanty number shall be spent in telling.

Leon. Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the glimpse Of two in shining habits cross the isle;

Who by their pointing, seem to mark this place.

Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.

Osm. I wish at least our parting were a dream, Or we could sleep till we again were met.

Heli. Zara with Selim, Sir, I saw, and know 'em: You must be quick, for love will lend her wings.

Alm. What love? Who is she? Why are you alarm'd?

Osm. She's the reverse of thee; she's my unhappiness.

Harbour no thought that may disturb thy peace. Retire, my love, I'll think how we may meet

To part no more; my friend will tell thee all; How I escap'd, how I am here, and thus;

How I'm not call'd Alphonso now, but Osmyn; And he Heli. All, all he will unfold,

Ere next we meet—

Alm. Sure we shall meet again—

Osm. We shall; we part not but to meet again. Gladness and warmth of ever-kindling love

Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in absence. [Exit Alm. Leon. and Heli.

Yet I behold her—yet—and now no more. Turn your lights inward, eyes, and view my thoughts,

So shall you still behold her—

Enter Zara and Selim.

Zar. See where he stands, folded and fix'd to earth, Stiff'ning in thought, a statue among statues.

Why, cruel Osmyn, dost thou fly me thus? Am I more loathsome to thee than the grave,

That thou dost seek to shield thee there, and shun My love; But to the grave I'll follow thee—

He looks not, minds not, hears not; barb'rous man! Am I neglected thus? Am I despis'd?

Not heard! Ungrateful Osmyn!

Osm. Ha, 'tis Zara!

Zar. Yes, traitor! Zara, lost, abandon'd Zara, Is a regardless suppliant, now, to Osmyn.

The slave, the wretch, that she redeem'd from death, Disdains to listen now, or look on Zara.

Osm. Far be the guilt of such reproaches from me; Lost in myself, and blinded by my thoughts,

I saw you not till now.

Zar. Now then you see me—

But with such dumb and thankless eyes you look, Better I was unseen, than seen thus coldly.

Osm. What would you from a wretch who came to mourn,

And only for his sorrows chose this solitude? Look round; joy is not here, nor cheerfulness.

You have pursu'd misfortune to its dwelling, Yet look for gaiety and gladness there.

Zar. Inhuman! Why, why dost thou rack me thus?

And, with perverseness, from the purpose, answer? What is't to me, this house of misery?

What joy do I require? If thou dost mourn, I come to mourn with thee, to share thy griefs,

And give thee, for 'em, in exchange, my love.

Osm. Oh, that's the greatest grief—I am so poor, I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zar. Thou hast a heart, tho' 'tis a savage one; Give it me as it is; I ask no more

For all I've done, and all I have endur'd: For saving thee, when I beheld thee first,

Driv'n by the tide upon my country's coast, Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny waves,

Thou and thy friend, till my compassion found thee; Compassion! scarce will't own that name, so soon,

So quickly, was it love; for thou wert godlike E'en then. Kneeling on earth, I loos'd my hair,

And with it dry'd thy wat'ry cheeks; then chaf'd Thy temples, till reviving blood arose,

And, like the morn, vermilion'd o'er thy face. Oh, Heav'n! how did my heart rejoice and ache,

When I beheld the day-break of thy eyes, And felt the balm of thy respiring lips!

Oh! why do I relate what I have done? What did I not? Was't not for you this war

Commenc'd? Not knowing who you were, nor why You hated Manuel, I urg'd my husband

To this invasion; where he late was lost, Where all is lost; and I am made a slave.

Osm. You pierce my soul—I own it all—But while The power is wanting to repay such benefits,

'Tis treble anguish to a generous heart.

Zar. Repay me with thy heart—What, dost thou Make no reply! Is this thy gratitude? [start?

Look on me now, from empire fall'n to slavery; Think on my sufferings first, then look on me;

Think on the cause of all, then view thyself: Reflect on Osmyn, and then look on Zara,

The fall'n, the lost, and now the captive Zara, And now abandon'd—Say; what, then, is Osmyn?

Osm. A fatal wretch—A huge, stupendous ruin, That tumbling on its prop, crush'd all beneath,

And bore contiguous palaces to earth.

Zar. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vilest,

If I have gain'd thy love, 'tis glorious ruin; Ruin! 'tis still to reign, and to be more

A queen; for what are riches, empire, power, But larger means to gratify the will?

The steps on which we tread, to rise and reach Our wish; and that obtain'd, down with the scaffold

Of sceptres, crowns, and thrones; they've serv'd their end,

And are, like lumber, to be left and soon'd.

Osm. Why was I made the instrument to throw
In bonds the frame of this exalted mind?

Zar. We may be free; the conqueror is mine;
In chains unseen I hold him by the heart,
And can unwind and strain him as I please.
Give me thy love, I'll give thee liberty.

Osm. In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can bestow. Set free yourself,
And leave a slave the wretch that would be so.

Zar. Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou talk'st.

Osm. Alas! you know me not.

Zar. Not who thou art!

But what this last ingratitude declares,
This groveling baseness—Thou say'st true, I know
Thee not; for what thou art yet wants a name:
By something so unworthy and so vile,
That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more lost,
Than all the malice of my other fate.
Traitor, monster, cold, perfidious slave;
A slave not daring to be free; nor dares
To love above him; for 'tis dangerous. The king!

There, there's the dreadful sound, the king's thy rival!

Sel. Madam, the king is here, and entering now.

Zar. As I could wish; by Heav'n I'll be reveng'd.

Enter the King, Perez, and attendants.

King. Why does the fairest of her kind withdraw
Her shining from the day, to gild this scene
Of death and night? Ha! what disorder's this?
Somewhat I heard of king and rival mention'd.
What's he that dares be rival to the king,
Or lift his eyes to like where I adore?

Zar. There, he, your prisoner, and that was my slave.

King. How? better than my hopes! Does she accuse him?

[Aside.

Zar. Am I become so low by my captivity,
And do your arms so lessen what they conquer,
That Zara must be made the sport of slaves?
And shall the wretch, whom yester sun beheld
Waiting my nod, the creature of my pow'r,
Presume to-day to plead audacious love,
And build bold hopes on my dejected fate?

King. Better for him to tempt the rage of Heav'n,
And wrench the bolt red-hissing from the hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that insolence.
Hence to the wheel!

With that Ixion, who aspires to hold
Divinity embrac'd; to whips and prisons
Drag him with speed, and rid me of his face.

[Guards seize Osmyn, and exeunt.

Zar. Compassion led me to bemoan his state,
Whose former fate had merited much more:
And, through my hopes in you, I undertook
He should be set at large; thence sprung his insolence,
And what was charity he constru'd love.

King. Enough; his punishment be what you please:
But let me lead you from this place of sorrow,
To one where young delights attend;
Where ev'ry hour shall roll in circling joys,
And love shall wing the tedious-wasting day.
Life, without love, is load; and time stands still:
What we refuse to him, to death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

A C T III.

S C E N E, a Prison.

Osmyn, with a Paper.

BUT now, and I was clos'd within the tomb
That holds my father's ashes; and but now,
Where he was prisoner, I am too imprison'd.

Sure 'tis the hand of Heav'n that leads me thus;
And for some purpose points out these remembrances.
In a dark corner of my cell I found
This paper; what it is this light will shew.

"If my Alphonso—Ha!" *[Reading.*

"If my Alphonso live, restore him, Heav'n;

"Give me more weight; crush my declining years

"With bolts, with chains, imprisonment and want;

"But bless my son, visit not him for me.

It is his hand; this was his pray'r—yet more:

"Let ev'ry hair, which sorrow by the roots *[Reading.*

"Tears from my hoary and devoted head,

"Be doubled in thy mercies to my son:

"Not for myself, but him, hear me, all-gracious—

"Tis wanting what should follow—"Heav'n" should follow,

But 'tis torn off—why should that word alone

Be torn from this petition? 'twas to Heav'n, [thus,

But Heav'n was deaf, Heav'n heard him not; but

Thus as the name of Heav'n from this is torn,

So did it tear the ears of mercy from

His voice, shutting the gates of pray'r against him,

If piety be thus debar'd access

On high, and of good men the very best

Is singled out to bleed, and bear the scourge;

What is reward? or what is punishment?

But who shall dare to tax Eternal Justice!

Yet I may think—I may, I must; for thought

Precedes the will to think, and error lives

Ere reason can be born. *[thou hither?*

What noise! who's there? my friend? how cam'st

Enter Heli.

Heli. The time's too precious to be spent in telling.

The captain, influenc'd by Almeria's power,

Gave order to the guards for my admittance.

Osm. How does Almeria? But I know she is

As I am. Tell me, may I hope to see her;

Heli. You may. Anon, at midnight, when the

Is gone to rest, and Garcia is retir'd, *[king*

She'll come.

Osm. She'll come; 'tis what I wish, yet what I
fear.

She'll come; but whither, and to whom? Oh,

To a vile prison, and a captive wretch; [Heav'n!

To one, whom, had she never known, she had

Been happy. Why, why was that heav'nly creature

Abandon'd o'er to love what Heav'n forakes?

Why does she follow, with unwearied steps,

One who has tir'd misfortune with pursuing?

Heli. Have hopes, and hear the voice of better
fate.

I've learn'd there are disorders ripe for mutiny

Among the troops, who thought to share the plun-

Which Manuel to his own use and avarice *[der,*

Converts. This news has reach'd Valentia's fron-

tiers,

Where many of your subjects, long oppress'd

With tyranny, and grievous impositions,

Are risen in arms, and call for chiefs to head

And lead them to regain their rights and liberty.

Osm. By heav'n, thou'ast rous'd me from my

lethargy,

The spirit which was deaf to my own wrongs,

And the loud cries of my dead father's blood,

My people's voice has waken'd.

Heli. Our posture of affairs, and scanty time,

My lord, require you should compose yourself.

Osm. Oh, my Antonio! I am all on fire;

My soul is up in arms, ready to charge

And bear amidst the foe with conqu'ring troops.

I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to liberty,

To victory; their shouts and clamours rend,

My ears, and reach the heav'ns. Where is the king?

Where is Alphonso? Ha! where? where indeed?
 Oh, I could tear and burst the strings of life,
 To break these chains. Off, off, ye stains of royalty;
 Off, slavery! Oh, curse! that I alone
 Can beat and flutter in my cage, when I
 Would soar and stoop at victory beneath.

Heli. Abate this ardour, Sir, or we are lost.
 Zara, the cause of your restraint, may be
 The means of liberty restor'd. That gain'd,
 Occasion will not fail to point out ways
 For your escape. Mean time, I've thought already
 With speed and safety to convey myself,
 Where not far off some malecontents hold council
 Nightly, who hate this tyrant; some who love
 Anselmo's memory, and will, for certain,
 When they shall know you live, assist your cause.

Ofm. My friend and counsellor, as thou think'st
 fit,
 So do. I will, with patience, wait my fortune.
Heli. When Zara comes, abate of your aversion.
Ofm. I hate her not, nor can dissemble love:
 But as I may I'll do. Farewel,
 My friend; the good thou dost deserve, attend thee.

[*Exit Heli.*
 I've been to blame, and question'd with impiety
 The care of Heav'n. Not so my father bore
 More anxious grief. This should have better taught
 This his last legacy to me: which here [me;
 I'll treasure, as more worth than diadems,
 Or all extended rule of regal pow'r.

Enter Zara, veil'd.

Ofm. What brightness breaks upon me thus, thro'
 And promises a day to this dark dwelling? [shades,
 Is it my love?

Zara. Oh, that thy heart had taught
 [Lifting her veil.

Thy tongue that saying!

Ofm. Zara! I am betray'd by my surprize.

Zara. What, does my face displease thee?
 That, having seen it, thou dost turn thy eyes
 Away, as from deformity and horror?
 If so, this sable curtain shall again
 Be drawn, and I will stand before thee, seeing,
 And unseen. Is it my love? Ask again
 That question; speak again in that soft voice;
 And look again with wishes in thy eyes.
 Oh, no! thou canst not, for thou seest me now,
 As the whose savage breast hath been the cause
 Of these thy wrongs; as the whose barbarous rage
 Has loaded thee with chains and galling irons.

Ofm. You wrong me, beauteous Zara, to believe
 I bear my fortunes with so low a mind:

No, not you,
 But destiny and inauspicious stars
 Have cast me down to this low being. Or,
 Granting you had, from you I have deserv'd it.

Zara. Canst thou forgive me, then? wilt thou be-
 So kindly of my fault, to call it madness? [lieve
 Oh, give that madness yet a milder name,
 And call it passion! then, be still more kind,
 And call that passion love.

Ofm. Give it a name,
 Or being, as you please, such I will think it.

Zara. Oh, thou dost wound me more with this
 thy goodness,

Than e'er thou couldst with bitterest reproaches;
 Thy anger could not pierce thus to my heart.

Ofm. Yet I could wish——

Zara. Haste me to know it; what?

Ofm. That at this time I had not been this thing.

Zara. What thing?

Ofm. This slave.

Zara. Oh, Heav'n, my fears interpret

This thy silence; somewhat of high concern,
 Long fashioning within thy labouring mind,
 And now just ripe for birth, my rage has ruin'd.
 Have I done this? Tell me, am I so curs'd?

Ofm. Time may have still one fated hour to come,
 Which, wing'd with liberty, might overtake
 Occasion past.

Zara. Swift as occasion, I
 Myself will fly; and earlier than the morn,
 Wake thee to freedom.

Ofm. I have not merited this grace;
 Nor, should my secret purpose take effect,
 Can I repay, as you require, such benefits.

Zara. Thou canst not owe me more; nor have I
 To give, than I've already lost. But now, [more
 So does the form of our engagements rest,
 Thou hast the wrong till I redeem thee hence;
 That done, I leave thy justice to return
 My love. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Ofm. This woman has a soul
 Of godlike mould, intrepid, and commanding,
 And challenges, in spite of me, my best
 Esteem;

But she has passions which out-strip the wind,
 And tear her virtues up, as tempests root
 The sea. I fear, when she shall know the truth,
 Some swift and dire event of her blind rage
 Will make all fatal. But behold, she comes
 For whom I fear, to shield me from my fears,
 The cause and comfort of my boding heart.

Enter Almeria.

My life, my health, my liberty, my all!
 How shall I welcome thee to this sad place?
 How speak to thee the words of joy and transport?
 How run into thy arms, withheld by fetters;
 Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled
 And pinion'd, like a thief or murderer?
 Shall I not hurt or bruise thy tender body,
 And stain thy bosom with the rust of these
 Rude irons? Must I meet thee thus, Almeria!

Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
 Thou told'st me thou would'st think how we might
 meet

To part no more——Now we will part no more;
 For these thy chains, or death, shall join us ever.

Ofm. Oh! O——

Alm. Give me that sigh.

Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy griefs?
 Thy heart will burst, thy eyes look red, and start;
 Give thy soul way, and tell me thy dark thought.

Ofm. For this world's rule, I would not wound
 thy breast

With such a dagger as then struck my heart.

Alm. Why? why? To know it, cannot wound
 me more

Than knowing thou hast felt it. Tell it me,
 —Thou giv'st me pain with too much tenderness.

Ofm. And thy excessive love distracts my sense.
 Oh, wouldst thou be less killing, soft, or kind,
 Grief could not double thus his darts against me.

Alm. Thou dost me wrong, and grief too robs my
 If there he shoot not every other shaft; [heart,
 Thy second self should feel each other wound,
 And woe should be in equal portions dwelt.
 I am thy wife——

Ofm. Oh, thou hast search'd too deep:
 There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel cords,
 That strain my cracking nerves; engines and wheels,
 That piece-meal grind, are beds of down and balm
 To that soul-racking thought.

Alm. Then I am curs'd
 Indeed, if that be so; if I'm thy torment,
 Kill me, then, kill me, dash me with thy chains,

Tread on me.

Am I, am I of all thy woes the worst?

Ofm. My all of bliss, my everlasting life,
Soul of my soul, and end of all my wishes,
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy words?
Thy sorrows have disturb'd thy peace of mind,
And thou dost speak of miseries impossible.

Alm. Didst not thou say that racks and wheels
were balm

And beds of ease, to thinking me thy wife?

Ofm. No, no; nor shou'd the subtlest pains that
Or hell-born malice can invent, extort [hell
A word or thought from me to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my heart:
Thou art my wife—nay, thou art yet my bride—
The sacred union of connubial love
Yet unaccomplish'd.

Is this dark cell a temple for that god?

Or this vile earth an altar for such offerings?

This den for slaves, this dungeon damp'd with woes;
Is this to call thee mine? Oh, hold, my heart!
To call thee mine? Yes; thus, even thus to call
Thee mine, were comfort, joy, extremest extasy:
But, oh, thou art not mine, not e'en in misery;
And 'tis deny'd to me to be so bless'd,
As to be wretched with thee.

Alm. No; not that

Th' extremest malice of our fate can hinder:

That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,

As on the leavings of calamity.

There we will feast and smile on past distress,
And hug, in scorn of it, or mutual ruin.

Ofm. Oh, thou dost talk, my love, as one resolv'd,
Because not knowing danger. But look forward;
Think of to-morrow, when thou shalt be torn
From these weak, struggling, unextended arms:
Think how my heart will heave, and eyes will strain,
To grasp and reach what is deny'd my hands:
Think how I am, when thou shalt wed with Garcia!
Then will I smear these walls with blood, disfigure
And dash my face, and rive my clotted hair,
Break on this flinty floor my throbbing breast,
And grovel with gash'd hands to scratch a grave,
And bury me alive.

Alm. Heart-breaking horror!

Ofm. Then Garcia shall lie panting on thy bosom,
Luxurious, revelling amidst thy charms.
Hell! Hell! have I not cause to rage and rave?
What are all racks, and wheels, and whips, to this?
Oh, my Almeria!

What do the damn'd endure, but to despair;

But knowing Heav'n, to know it lost for ever?

Alm. Oh, I am strack; thy words are bolts of ice,
Which shot into my breast, now melt and chill me.

Enter Zara, Perez, and Selim.

Zar. Somewhat of weight to me requires his
freedom?

Dare you dispute the king's command? Behold
The royal signet.

Per. I obey; yet beg

Your majesty one moment to defer

Your ent'ring, till the princess is return'd

From visiting the noble prisoner.

Zar. Ha!

What say'st thou?

Ofm. We are lost! undone! discover'd!

Speak of compassion, let her hear you speak

Of interceding for me with the king!

Say something quickly to conceal our loves,
If possible—

Alm.—I cannot speak.

Ofm. Let me

Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,

But till she's gone; then bless me thus again.

Zar. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confusion in his face, and grief in her's!

'Tis plain I've been abus'd—

Perdition catch 'em both, and ruin part 'em.

Ofm. This charity to one unknown, and thus
[Aloud to Almeria, as she goes out.
Distress'd, Heav'n will repay; all thanks are poor.

[Exit Almeria.

Zar. Damn'd, damp'd dissembler! Yet I will be
calm,

Choak in my rage, and know the utmost depth
Of this deceiver—You seem much surpris'd.

Ofm. At your return so soon and unexpected!

Zar. And so unwill'd, unwanted too, it seems.

—Confusion! Yet I will contain myself.

You're grown a favourite since last we parted;

Perhaps I'm saucy and intruding—

Ofm.—Madam!

Zar. I did not know the princess' favourite.

Your pardon, Sir—mistake me not; you think

I'm angry; you're deceiv'd. I came to set

You free; but shall return much better pleas'd,

To find you have an interest superior.

Ofm. You do not come to mock my miseries?

Zar. I do.

Ofm. I could at this time spare your mirth.

Zar. I know thou could'st; but I'm not often
pleas'd,

And will indulge it now. What miseries?

Who would not be thus happily confin'd,

To be the care of weeping majesty;

To have contending queens, at dead of night,

Forfake their down, to wake with wat'ry eyes,

And watch like tapers o'er your hours of rest?

Oh, curse! I cannot hold—

Ofm. Come, 'tis too much.

Zar. Villain!

Ofm. How, Madam!

Zar. Thou shalt die.

Ofm. I thank you.

[live.

Zar. Thou ly'st, for now I know for whom thou'd'st

Ofm. Then you may know for whom I die.

Zar. Hell! Hell!

Yet I'll be calm—Dark and unknown betrayer!

But now the dawn begins, and the slow hand

Of fate is stretch'd to draw the veil, and leave

Thee bare, the naked mark of public view.

Ofm. You may be still deceiv'd, 'tis in my pow'r—

Chain'd as I am, to fly from all my wrongs

And free myself at once, from misery,

And you of me.

Zar. Ha! say't thou—but I'll prevent it—

Who waits there? As you will answer it, look this
slave [To the guards.

Attempt no means to make himself away.

I've been deceiv'd. The public safety now

Requires he should be more confin'd, and none,

No, not the princess, suffer'd or to see

Or speak with him. I'll quit you to the king.

Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent

The base injustice thou hast done my love:

Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past distress,

And all those ills which thou so long hast mourn'd;

Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,

Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd.

ACT IV.

SCENE, a Room of State.

Zara, and Selim.

Zar. THOU hast already rack'd me with thy
stay;

Therefore require me not to ask thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

Sel. Your accusation highly has incens'd
The king, and were alone enough to urge
The fate of Osmyn; but to that, fresh news
Has since arriv'd, of more revolted troops.
'Tis certain Heli too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds amazement and distraction) some
Who bore high offices of weight and trust,
Both in the state and army. This confirms
The king in full belief of all you told him
Concerning Osmyn, and his correspondence
With them who first began the mutiny.
Wherefore a warrant for his death is sign'd;
And order given for public execution.

Zar. Ha! haste thee! fly, prevent his fate and mine;

Find out the king, tell him I have of weight
More than his crown, t' impart ere Osmyn die.

Sel. It needs not, for the king will straight be here;
'And as to your revenge, not his own int'rest,
Pretend to sacrifice the life of Osmyn.

Zar. What shall I say? Invent, contrive, advise
Somewhat to blind the king, and save his life,
In whom I live.

Devise the means to shun it,
Quick; or, by Heav'n, this dagger drinks thy blood.

Sel. My life is yours, nor wish I to preserve it,
But to serve you. I have already thought.

Zar. Forgive my rage; I know thy love and truth.
But say, what's to be done? or when, or how,
Shall I prevent or stop th' approaching danger?

Sel. You must still seem most resolute and fix'd
On Osmyn's death; too quick a change of mercy
Might breed suspicion of the cause. Advise
That execution may be done in private.

Zar. On what pretence?

Sel. Your own request's enough.
However, for a colour, tell him, you
Have cause to fear his guards may be corrupted,
And some of them bought off to Osmyn's interest,
Who at the place of execution will
Attempt to force his way for an escape;
The state of things will countenance all suspicions.
Then offer to the king to have him strangled
In secret by your mutes; and get an order,
That none but mutes may have admittance to him.
I can no more, the king is here. Obtain
This grant, and I'll acquaint you with the rest.

Enter King, Gonzalez, and Perez.

King. Bear to the dungeon those rebellious slaves;
But for their leaders, Sancho and Ramirez,
Let 'em be led away to present death.
Perez, see it perform'd.

Gonz. Might I presume,
Their execution better were deferr'd,
Till Osmyn die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this conspiracy.

King. Then be it so.
Stay, soldier; they shall suffer with the Moor.
Are none return'd of those that follow'd Heli?

Gonz. None, Sir. Some papers have been since
discover'd

In Roderigo's house, who fled with him,
Which seem to intimate, as if Alphonso
Were still alive, and arming in Valencia;
Which wears indeed this colour of a truth,
They who are fled have that way bent their course.
Of the same nature divers notes have been
Dispers'd t'amuse the people; whereupon
Some, ready of belief, have rais'd this rumour—
That being sav'd upon the coast of Afric,
He there disclos'd himself to Albucacim;

And, by a secret compact made with him,
Open'd and urg'd the way to this invasion;
While he himself, returning to Valencia
In private, undertook to raise this tumult.

Zar. Ha! hear'st thou that? Is Osmyn, then, Al-
Oh, certain death for him, as sure despair [phonso?
For me, if it be known—if not, what hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the lowest baseness, now,
To yield him up—No, I will conceal him,
And try the force of yet more obligations.

Gonz. 'Tis not impossible. Yet it may be
That some impostor has usurp'd his name.
Your beauteous captive Zara can inform,
If such a one, so 'scaping, was receiv'd,
At any time in Albucacim's court.

King. Pardon, fair excellence, this long neglect:
An unforeseen, unwelcome hour of business,
Has thrust between us and our while of love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing sand,
Will quickly waste and give again the day.

Zar. You're too secure: the danger is more im-
minent

Than your high courage suffers you to see;
While Osmyn lives, you are not safe.

King. His doom
Is pass'd; if you revoke it not, he dies.

Zar. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your en-
I find I can unfold what yet concerns [trance,
You more. One, who did call himself Alphonso,
Was cast upon my coast, as is reported,
And oft had private conference with the king;
To what effect I knew not then: but he,
Alphonso, secretly departed, just
About the time our arms embark'd for Spain.
What I know more is, that a triple league
Of strictest friendship was profest between
Alphonso, Heli, and the traitor Osmyn.

King. Public report is ratify'd in this.

Zar. And Osmyn's death requir'd of strong ne-
cessity.

King. Give order straight, that all the pris'ners die.
Zar. Forbear a moment; somewhat more I have
Worthy your private ear, and this your minister.

King. Let all, except Gonzalez, leave the room.

[Exit Perez, &c.]

Zar. I am your captive, and you've us'd me nobly;
And in return of that, tho' otherwise
Your enemy,

I think it fit to tell you, that your guards
Are tainted; some among 'em have resolv'd
To rescue Osmyn at the place of death.

King. Is treason then so near us as our guards?

Zar. Most certain; tho' my knowledge is not yet
So ripe, to point at the particular men.

King. What's to be done?

Zar. That too I will advise.

I have remaining in my train some mutes,
A present once from the sultana queen
In the grand signior's court. Those from their in-
fancy

Are practis'd in the trade of death; and shall
(As their custom is) in private strangle
Osmyn.

Gonz. My lord, the queen advises well.

King. What off'ring, or what recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy so great services?
To cast beneath your feet the crown you've sav'd,
Tho' on the head that wears it, were too little.

Zar. Of that hereafter: but, mean time, 'tis fit
You give strict charge, that none may be admitted
To see the pris'ner, but such mutes as I
Shall send.

King. Who waits there?

Enter Perez.

King. On your life, take heed
That only Zara's mutes, or such who bring
Her warrant, have admittance to the Moor.

Zar. They, and no other, not the princess' self.

Per. Your majesty shall be obey'd.

King. Retire.

[Exit Perez.]

Con. That interdiction so particular
Pronounc'd with vehemence against the princess,
Shou'd have more meaning than appears barefac'd.
This king is blinded by his love, and heeds
It not. *[Aside.]*—Your majesty sure might have
The last restraint: you hardly can suspect *[spar'd]*
The princess is confederate with the Moor.

Zar. I've heard her charity did once extend
So far, to visit him at his request.

Con. Ha!

King. How! She visit Osmyn! What, my daughter?

Sel. Madam, take heed; or you have ruin'd all.

Zar. And after did solicit you on his
Behalf—

King. Never. You have been misinform'd.

Zar. Indeed! Then 'twas a whisper spread by some
Who wish'd it so; a common art in courts.
I will retire, and instantly prepare
Instruction for my ministers of death.

[Exeunt Zara and Selima.]

Con. There's somewhat yet of mystery in this;
Her words and actions are obscure and double,
Sometimes concur, and sometimes disagree:
I like it not. *[Aside.]*

King. What dost thou think, Gonzalez?

Are we not much indebted to this fair-one?

Con. I am a little slow of credit, Sir,
In the sincerity of woman's actions.

Methinks this lady's hatred to the Moor
Disquiets her too much; which makes it seem
As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.
I wish her mutes are meant to be employ'd
As she pretends—I doubt it now—Your guards
Corrupted! How? By whom? Who told her so?
T'ch' evening Osmyn was to die; at midnight
She begg'd the royal signet to release him;
T'ch' morning he must die again; ere noon
Her mutes alone must strangle him, or he'll
Escape. This put together, suits not well.

King. Yet that there's truth in what she has dis-
Is manifest from every circumstance. *[cover'd]*
This tumult, and the lords who fled with Heli,
Are confirmation—that Alphonso lives,
Agrees expressly too with her report.

Con. I grant it, Sir; and doubt not, but in rage
Of jealousy she has discover'd what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd.
But why that needless caution of the princess?
What if she had seen Osmyn? Tho' 'twere strange;
But if she had, what was't to her? Unless
She fear'd her stronger charms might cause the Moor's
Affection to revolt.

King. I thank thee, friend.

There's reason in thy doubt, and I am warn'd—
But think'st thou that my daughter saw this Moor?

Con. If Osmyn be, as Zara has related,
Alphonso's friend, 'tis not impossible

But the might wish, on his account, to see him.

King. Say'st thou? By Heav'n, thou hast rous'd
a thought.

That like a sudden earthquake shakes my frame.
Confusion! then my daughter's an accomplice,
And plots in private with this hellish Moor.

Con. That were too hard a thought—but see,
he comes—

'Twere not amiss to question her a little,
And try, howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
If what I fear be true, she'll be concern'd
For Osmyn's death, as he's Alphonso's friend;
Urge that, to try if she'll solicit for him.

Enter Almeria and Leonora.

King. Your coming has prevented me, Almeria;
I had determin'd to have sent for you.
Let your attendant be dismiss'd; I have

[Leonora retires.]

To talk with you. Come near; why dost thou
shake?

What mean those swollen and red-fleck'd eyes, that
look

As they had wept in blood, and worn the night
In waking anguish? Why this on the day
Which was design'd to celebrate thy nuptials;
But that the beams of light are to be stain'd
With reeking gore, from traitors on the rack?
Wherefore I have deferr'd the marriage-rites;
Nor shall the guilty horrors of this day
Prophane that jubilee.

Alm. All days to me

Henceforth are equal: this, the day of death,
To-morrow, and the next, and each that follows
Will undistinguish'd roll, and but prolong
One hated line of more extended woe.

King. Whence is thy grief? Give me to know
the cause;

And look thou answer me with truth; for know
I am not unacquainted with thy falsehood.

Why art thou mute? Bafe and degen'rate maid!

Con. Dear Madam, speak, or you'll incense the
king.

Alm. What is't to speak? Or wherefore should I
speak?

What mean these tears, but grief unutterable?

King. They are the dumb confessions of thy guilty
mind;

They mean thy guilt: and say thou wert confederate
With damn'd conspirators to take my life.

Oh, impious parricide! Now canst thou speak?

Alm. O earth, behold, I kneel upon thy bosom,
And bend my flowing eyes to stream upon

Thy face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy bowels of compassion, take

Into thy womb the last and most forlorn
Of all thy race. Hear me, thou common parent,

—I have no parent else—be thou a mother,
And step between me and the curse of him

Who was—who was, but is no more a father;
But brands my innocence with horrid crimes;

And for the tender names of child and daughter,
Now calls me murderer and parricide.

King. Rise, I command thee—and if thou would
Acquit thyself of those detested names,

Swear thou hast never seen that foreign dog,
Now doom'd to die, that most accursed Osmyn.

Alm. Never, but as with innocence I might,
And free of all bad purposes. So Heaven's
My witness.

King. Vile, equivocating wretch!

With innocence! Oh, patience!—hear, she owns it!
Confesses it! By Heav'n, I'll have him rack'd,

Torn, mangled, slay'd, impal'd—all pains and tor-
tures

That wit of man and dire revenge can think,
Shall he, accumulated, underbear.

Alm. Oh, I am lost—There fate begins to wound.

King. Hear me, then; if thou canst reply; know,
traitress,

I'm not to learn that curs'd Alphonso lives;
Nor am I ignorant what Osmyn is—

Alm. Then all is ended, and we both must die. Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou shalt not die. And yet alone would I have dy'd, Heav'n knows, Repeated deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.

King. Hell, hell! Do I hear this, and yet endure!

What, dar'st thou to my face avow thy guilt? Hence, ere I curse—fly my just rage with speed? Left I forget us both, and spurn thee from me.

Alm. And yet a father! Think, I am your child! Turn not your eyes away—look on me kneeling; Now curse me if you can, now spurn me off. Did ever father curse his kneeling child? Never; for always blessings crown that posture.

Oh, hear me then, thus crawling on the earth—

King. Be thou advis'd, and let me go, while yet The light impression thou hast made remains.

Alm. No, never will I rise, nor lose this hold, Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.

King. Ha! Who may live? Take heed! No more For on my soul he dies, tho' thou and I, [of that; And all shou'd follow to partake his doom. Away, off! let me go—Call her attendants.

[*Leonora and women return.*]

Alm. Drag me; harrow the earth with my bare bosom;

I will not go till you have spar'd my husband.

King. Ha! Husband! Which? Who?

Alm. He, he is my husband.

King. Who?

Alm. Oh— [Faints.]

Let me go, let me fall, sink deep—I'll dig,

I'll dig a grave, and tear up death;

Yes, I will strip off life, and we will change:

I will be death; then, tho' you kill my husband,

He shall be mine still, and for ever mine.

King. What husband? Whom dost thou mean?

Gon. She raves!

Alm. Osmyn; he is my husband.

King. Osmyn!

Alm. Not Osmyn, but Alphonso, is my dear And wedded husband—Heav'n; and air, and seas, Ye winds and waves, I call ye all to witness.

King. Wilder than winds or waves thyself dost rave.

Shou'd I hear more, I too shou'd catch thy madness. Watch her returning sense, and bring me word; And look that she attempt not on her life.

[*Exit King.*]

Alm. Oh, stay, yet stay; hear me, I am not mad. I wou'd to Heav'n I were—He's gone.

Gon. Have comfort.

Alm. Curs'd be that tongue that bids me be of comfort;

Curs'd my own tongue, that could not move his pity;

Curs'd these weak hands, that could not hold him For he is gone to doom Alphonso's death. [here;

Gon. Your too excessive grief works on your fancy, And deludes your sense. Alphonso, if living, Is far from hence, beyond your father's pow'r.

Alm. Hence, thou detested, ill-tim'd flatterer; Source of my woes: thou and thy race be curs'd; But doubly thou, who couldst alone have policy And fraud to find the fatal secret out, And know that Osmyn was Alphonso.

Gon. Ha!

Alm. Why dost thou start? What dost thou see or Was it the doleful bell, tolling for death? [hear? Or dying groans from my Alphonso's breast? See, see look yonder! where a grizzled, pale, And ghastly herd glares by, all smear'd with blood, Gasping as it would speak; and after, see;

Behold a damp, dead hand, has dropt a dagger: I'll catch it—Hark! a voice cries murder! ah! My father's voice! hollow it sounds, and calls Me from the tomb—I'll follow it; for there I shall again behold my dear Alphonso.

[*Exeunt Almeria and Leonora.*]

Gon. She's greatly griev'd; nor am I less surpriz'd, Osmyn, Alphonso! No; she over-rates My policy; I ne'er suspected it:

Nor now had known it, but from her mistake.

Her husband too! Ha! Where is Garcia, then?

And where the crown that shou'd defend on him,

To grace the line of my posterity?

Hold, let me think—if I should tell the king—

Things comes to this extremity: his daughter

Wedded already—what if he should yield,

Knowing no remedy for what is past,

And urg'd by nature pleading for his child,

With which he seems to be already shaken.

And tho' I know he hates beyond the grave

Anselmo's race; yet if—that if concludes me.

To doubt, when I may be assur'd, is folly.

But how prevent the captive queen, who means

To set him free? Ay, now 'tis plain. O well

Invented tale! He was Alphonso's friend.

This subtle woman will amuse the king.

If I delay—'twill do—or better so.

One to my wish. Alonzo, thou art welcome.

[*Enter Alonzo.*]

Alon. The king expects your lordship.

Gon. 'Tis no matter.

I'm not i'the way at present, good Alonzo.

Alon. If't please your lordship, I'll return, and say

I have not seen you.

Gon. Do, my best Alonzo.

Yet stay, I wou'd—but go; anon will serve—

Yet I have that requires thy speedy help.

I think thou wou'dst not stop to do me service.

Alon. I am your creature.

Gon. Say thou art my friend.

I've seen thy sword do noble execution.

Alon. All that it can your lordship shall command.

Gon. Thanks; and I take thee at thy word.

Thou'lt see,

Amongst the followers of the captive queen,

Dumbmen, who make their meaning known by signs.

Alon. I have, my lord.

Gon. Couldst thou procure, with speed

And privacy, the wearing garb of one

Of those, tho' purchas'd by his death, I'd give

Thee such reward, as shou'd exceed thy wish.

Alon. Conclude it done. Where shall I wait your

lordship?

Gon. At my apartment. Use thy utmost diligence;

And say I've not been seen—Haste, good Alonzo.

[*Exit Alonzo.*]

So, this can hardly fail. Alphonso slain,

The greatest obstacle is then remov'd.

Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;

And I yet fix the crown on Garcia's head. [*Exit.*]



ACT V.

SCENE, a Room of State.

Enter King, Perez, and Alonzo.

King. NOT to be found! In an ill hour he's absent.

None, say you? none! What, not the fav'rite eunuch she herself, nor any of her muties, [such? Have yet requir'd admittance?

Pez. None, my lord.

King. Is Osmyn so dispos'd as I commanded?
Per. Fast bound in double chains, and at full length,
 He lies supine on earth; with as much ease
 She might remove the centre of this earth
 As loose the rivets of his bonds.

King. 'Tis well.

[*A Mute appears; and, seeing the king, retires.*
Ha! stop, and seize that mute; Alonzo follow him.
 Ent'ring he met my eyes, and started back,
 Frighted, and fumbling one hand in his bosom,
 As to conceal th' importance of his errand.

[*Alonzo follows him, and returns with a paper.*

Alon. A bloody proof of obdurate fidelity!

King. What dost thou mean?

Alon. Soon as I seiz'd the man,
 He snatch'd from out his bosom this—and strove
 With rash and greedy haste, at once to cram
 The morsel down his throat. I caught his arm,
 And hardly wrench'd his hand to wring it from him;
 Which done, he drew a poignard from his side,
 And on the instant plung'd it in his breast.

King. Remove the body thence, ere Zara see it.

Alon. I'll be so bold to borrow his attire;
 'Twill quit me of my promise to Gonzalez.

[*Aside. Exit.*

King. How's this? My mortal foe beneath my
 roof!

[*Having read the letter.*

Oh, give me patience, all ye powers! No, rather
 Give me new rage, implacable revenge,
 And trebled fury—*Ha!* who's there?

Per. My lord.

King. Hence, slave! how dar'st thou bide, to
 watch and pry

Into how poor a thing a king descends,
 How like thyself, when passion treads him down?
Ha! stir not, on thy life; for thou wert fix'd,
 And planted here, to see me gorge this bait,
 And last against the hook—By Heav'n, you're all
 Rank traitors: thou art with the rest combin'd;
 Thou knew'st that Osmyn was Alphonso; knew'st
 My daughter privately with him conferr'd;
 And wert the spy and pander to their meeting.

Per. By all that holy, I'm amaz'd—

King. Thou ly'st.

Thou art accomplice too with Zara; here
 Where she sets down—*Still will I set thee free—*

[*Reading.*

That somewhere is repeated—I have power
 O'er them that are thy guards—Mark that, thou
 traitor.

Per. It was your majesty's command I should
 Obey her order.—

King. [*Reading.*—*And still will I set
 thee free, Alphonso—*Hell! curs'd, curs'd Alphonso!
 False and perfidious Zara! Strumpet daughter!
 Away, be gone, thou feeble boy, fond love;
 All nature, softness, pity and compassion,
 This hour I throw ye off, and entertain
 Fell hate within my breast, revenge and gall.
 By Heav'n, I'll meet, and counterwork this treachery.
 Hark thee, villain, traitor—answer me, slave.

Per. My service has not merited those titles.

King. Dar'st thou reply?—thy service! thine!
 What's thy whole life, thy soul, thy all, to my
 One moment's ease? Hear my command; and look
 That thou obey, or horror on thy head:
 Drench me thy dagger in Alphonso's heart.
 Why dost thou start? Resolve, or—

Per. Sir, I will.

King. 'Tis well—that when she comes to set
 him free.
 His teeth may grin, and mock at her remorse.

[*Perez going.*

—Stay thee—I've farther thought—I'll add to this,
 And give her eyes yet greater disappointment:
 When thou hast ended him, bring me his robe;
 And let the cell where she'll expect to see him
 Be darken'd, so as to amuse the sight.

I'll be conducted thither—mark we well—

There with his turbant, and his robe array'd,
 And laid along, as he now lies, supine,
 I shall convict her, to her face, of falsehood.
 When for Alphonso's she shall take my hand,
 And breathe her sighs upon my lips for his;
 Sudden I'll start and dash her with her guilt.
 But see, she comes. I'll shun th' encounter; thou
 Follow me, and give heed to my direction. [*Exe.*

Enter Zara and Selim.

Zar. *Ha!* 'Twas the king,
 The king that parted hence! frowning he went:
 Dost think he saw me?

Sel. Yes: but then, as if he thought
 His eyes had err'd, he hastily recall'd
 Th' imperfect look, and sternly turn'd away.

Zar. Shun me when seen! I fear thou hast un-
 done me.

Sel. Avert it, Heav'n, that you should ever suffer
 For my defect; or that the means which I
 Devis'd to serve, should ruin your design.

Prescience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to man.
 If I have fail'd in what, as being man,
 I needs must fail, impute not as a crime
 My nature's want, but punish nature in me;
 I plead not for a pardon, and to live,
 But to be punish'd and forgiven. Here, strike;
 I bare my breast to meet your just revenge.

Zar. I have not leisure now to take so poor
 A forfeit as thy life; somewhat of high
 And more important fate requires my thought.
 Regard me well; and dare not to reply
 To what I give in charge; for I'm resolv'd.
 Give order that the two remaining mutes
 Attend me instantly, with each a bowl
 Of such ingredients mix'd, as will with speed
 Numb the living faculties, and give
 Most easy and inevitable death.

Yes, Osmyn, yes; be Osmyn or Alphonso,
 I'll give thee freedom, if thou dar'st be free:
 Such liberty as I embrace myself;
 Thou shalt partake. Since fates no more afford;
 I can but die with thee, to keep my word. [*Exe.*

SCENE opening, shows the Prison.

Enter Gonzalex disguised like a mute, with a dagger.

Gon. Nor centinel, nor guard! the doors unbar'd!
 And all as still, as at the noon of night!
 Sure death already has been busy here.

There lies my way; that door too is unlock'd.

[*Looking in.*

Ha! sure he sleeps—all's dark within, save what
 A lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly flame,
 By fits reveals—his face seems turn'd, to favour
 Th' attempt: I'll steal and do it unperceiv'd.
 What noise! somebody coming? is't Alonzo?
 Nobody. Sure he'll wait without—I would
 'Twere done—I'll crawl, and sting him to the heart,
 Then cast my skin, and leave it there to answer it.

[*Goes in.*

Enter Gonzalex bloody.

Gon. Perdition choke your clamours—whence
 Garcia! [*this rudeness?*

Gar. Perdition, slavery, and death,
 Are ent'ring now our doors. Where is the king?
 What means this blood; and why this face of horror?

Gon. No matter—give me first to know the cause
 Of these your rash and ill-tim'd exclamations.

Gar. The eastern gate is to the foe betray'd,

Who, but for heaps of slain that choke the passage,
Had enter'd long ere now, and borne down all
Before 'em, to the palace walls. Unless
The king in person animate our men,
Granada's lost; and to confirm this fear,
The traitor Perez, and the captive Moor,
Are through a postern fled, and join the foe.

Gen. Would all were false as that; for whom
you call

The Moor is dead. That Osmyn was Alphonso;
In whose heart's blood this poignant yet is warm.

Gar. Impossible! for Osmyn was, while flying,
Pronounc'd aloud by Perez for Alphonso.

Gen. Enter that chamber, and convince your eyes,
How much report has wrong'd your easy faith.

[*Garcia goes in.*]

Alon. My lord, for certain truth Perez is fled;
And has declar'd, the cause of his revolt
Was to revenge a blow the king had giv'n him.

Gar. [*Returning.*] Ruin and horror! Oh, heart-
wounding fight!

Gen. What says my son? What ruin? Ha! what
horror?

Gar. Blasted my eyes, and speechless be my tongue,
Rather than or to see, or to relate
This deed—Oh, dire mistake! Oh, fatal blow!

The king——

Gen. Alon. The king!

Gar. Dead, well'ring, drown'd in blood.
See, see, attir'd like Osmyn, where he lies.

[*They look in.*]

Oh, whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?

But what imports the manner or the cause?

Nothing remains to do, or to require,

But that we all should turn our swords against

Ourselves, and expiate with our own, his blood.

Gen. Oh, wretch! Oh, curs'd and rash deluded
On me, on me turn your avenging swords. [*fool!*]

I, who have spilt my royal master's blood,
Should make atonement by a death as horrid,
And fall beneath the hand of my own son.

Gar. Ha! what! atone this murder with a greater!
The horror of that thought has damp'd my rage.

Gen. Oh, my son! from the blind dotage
Of a father's fondness these ills arose.

For thee I've been ambitious, safe, and bloody:

For thee I've plung'd into this sea of sin;

Stemming the tide with only one weak hand,

While t'other bore the crown (to wreath thy brow)
Whose weight has sunk me, ere I reach'd the shore.

Gar. Fatal ambition! Hark! the foe is enter'd:

[*Shout.*]

The shrillness of that shout speaks them at hand.

Alon. My lord, I've thought how to conceal the
Require me not to tell the means, till done, [*body.*]
Left you forbid what you may then approve.

[*Gen. in. Shout.*]

Gen. They shout again! What'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the soldiers were amus'd with hopes;
And in the mean time fed with expectation
To see the king in person at their head.

Gar. Were it a truth, I fear 'tis now too late.

But I'll omit no care, nor haste, and try,
Or to repel their force, or bravely die. [*Exit Gar.*]

Re-enter Alonzo.

Gen. What hast thou done, Alonzo?

Alon. Such a deed,

As but an hour ago I'd not have done,

Though for the crown of universal empire.

But what are kings reduc'd to common clay?

Or who can wound the dead?—I've from the body
Sever'd the head, and in an obscure corner
Dispos'd it, muffled in the mute's attire,

Leaving to view of them who enter next,
Alone the undistinguishable trunk:

Which may be still mistaken by the guards
For Osmyn, if in seeking for the king
They chance to find it.

Gen. 'Twas an act of horror;
And of a piece with this day's dire misdeeds,
But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.

Haste thee, Alonzo, haste thee hence with speed,
To aid my son. I'll follow with the last
Reserve, to reinforce his arms: at least,
I shall make good and shelter his retreat.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter Zara, followed by Selim, and two Mutes bear-
ing the Bowls.*

Zar. Silence and solitude are every where.
Through all the gloomy ways and iron doors
That hither lead, nor human face nor voice
Is seen or heard.

Let 'em set down the bowls, and warn Alphonso
That I am here—so. You return, and find

[*Mutes going in.*]

The king; tell him, what he requir'd, I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the deed.

[*Exit Selim.*]

Enter Mutes.

Zar. What have you seen? Ha! wherefore stare
you thus [*The Mutes return, and look affrighted.*]
With haggard eyes? Why are your arms across?
Your heavy and desponding heads hung down?
Why is't you more than speak in these sad signs?
Give me more ample knowledge of this mourning.

[*They go to the scene, which opening, she perceives
the body.*]

Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! Oh—I'm lost!
Oh, Osmyn! Oh, Alphonso! Cruel fate!
Cruel, cruel! Oh, more than killing object!
I came prepar'd to die, and see thee die—
Nay, came prepar'd myself to give thee death—
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my Osmyn—
Oh, this accurs'd, this base, this treach'rous king!

Enter Selim.

Selim. I've fought in vain, for no where can the
Be found—— [*king*]

Zar. Get thee to hell, and seek him there.

[*Stabs him.*]

His hellish rage had wanted means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious counsel. [*warded.*]

Sel. You thought it better then—but I'm re-
The mute you sent, by some mischance was seen,
And forc'd to yield your letter with his life;

I found the dead and bloody body stripp'd—
My tongue falters, and my voice fails—I sink—
Drink not the poison—for Alphonso is—— [*Dies.*]

Zar. As thou art now—and I shall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead: for 'twas decreed

We both should die. Nor is't that I survive;

I have a certain remedy for that.

But, oh, he dy'd unknowing in my heart.

He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what height;

Nor that I meant to fall before his eyes,

A martyr and a victim to my vows.

Insensible of this last proof he's gone!

Then wherefore do I pause!—Give me the bowl.

[*A Mute kneels, and gives one of the bowls.*]

Hover a moment, yet, thou gentle spirit,

Soul of my love, and I will wait thy flight.

This to our mutual bliss, when join'd above. [*Drinks.*]

Oh, friendly draught, already in my heart.

Cold, cold! my veins are ices and frost.

I'll creep into his bosom, lay me there;

Cover us close—or I shall chill his breast,

And fright him from my arms—See, see, he slides

Still farther from me; look, he hides his face,
I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach—
Oh, now he's gone, and all is dark!— [Dies.]

[The Mutes kneel, and mourn over her.]

Enter Almeria and Leonora.

Alm. Oh, let me seek him in this horrid cell;
For in the tomb, or prison, I alone
Must hope to find him.

Leon. Heavens! what dismal scene
Of death is this? The eunuch Selim slain!

Alm. Shew me, for I am come in search of death;
But want a guide, for tears have dimm'd my sight.

Leon. Alas! a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! Two frightful men,
Who seem the murderers, kneel weeping by;
Feeling remorse too late for what they've done.

But, oh, forbear—lift up your eyes no more;
But haste away, fly from this fatal place,
Where miseries are multiply'd; return,
Return, and look not on; for there's a dagger
Ready to stab the sight, and make your eyes
Rain blood—

Alm. Oh, I foreknow, foresee that object.
Is it at last, then, so? Is he, then, dead?
—I do not weep! The springs of tears are dry'd;
And, of a sudden, I am calm, as if
All things were well; and yet my husband's murder'd!
Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll sluice this heart,
The source of woe, and let the torrent loose.
—Those men have left to weep! they look on me!
I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well; your bloody hands have err'd,
And wrongfully have slain those innocents:
I am the sacrifice design'd to bleed,
And come prepar'd to yield my throat—They shake
Their heads in sign of grief and innocence!

[They point at the bowl on the ground.]
And point! What mean they? Ha! a cup; oh, well,
I understand what medicine has been here.
Oh, noble thirst! yet greedy to drink all—
Oh, for another draught of death—

[They point at the other cup.]

'Tis there, and full, I hope.
Thanks to the lib'ral hand that fill'd thee thus,
I'll drink my glad acknowledgment—

Leon. Oh, hold,
For mercy's sake, upon my knee I beg—

Alm. With thee the kneeling world should beg in
vain.

Seest thou not there? Behold who prostrate lies,
And pleads against thee; who shall then prevail?

Yet I will take a cold and parting leave
From his pale lips; I'll kiss him ere I drink,
Lest the rank juice should blister on my mouth,
And stain the colour of my last adieu.
Horror! a headless trunk! nor lips nor face,

[Coming near the body, starts and lets fall the cup.]
But spouting veins, and mangled flesh! Oh, oh!
Enter Alphonso, Heli, Perez, with Garcia prisoner.

Guards and Attendants.

Alpb. Away, stand off; where is she? Let me fly,
Save her from death, and snatch her to my heart.

Alm. Oh!

Alpb. Forbear; my arms alone shall hold her up,
Warm her to life, and wake her into gladness.
Give a new birth to thy long-shaded eyes,
Then double on the day reflected light.

Alm. Where am I? Heav'n! what does this dream
intend?

Alpb. Oh, may'st thou never dream of less delight,
Nor ever wake to less substantial joys.

Alm. Giv'n me again from death! Oh, all ye
Confirm this miracle! Can I believe [pows,
My sight?—Yes, I will; I've been abus'd
With apparitions and affrighting phantoms:
This is my lord, my life, my only husband,
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My father too shall have compassion—

Alpb. Oh, my heart's comfort! 'tis not giv'n to
Frail life, to be entirely bless'd. E'en now, [this
In thi extremest joy my soul can taste,
Yet I am dash'd to think that thou must weep;
Thy father fell where he design'd my death.
Gonzalez and Alonzo, both of wounds
Expiring, have, with their last breath, confess'd
The just decrees of Heav'n, which on themselves
Has turn'd their own most bloody purposes.
Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you should be thus—

[She weeps.]

Ill-fated Zara!—Wa! a cup! Alas,
Thy error, then, is plain! but I were fain
Not to o'erflow in tribute to thy memory.
Oh, Garcia!—

Whose virtue has renounc'd thy father's crimes,
Seest thou how just the hand of Heav'n has been?
Let us, who through our innocence survive,
Still in the paths of honour persevere,
And not from past or present ills despair:
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

[Exeunt omnes.]



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